Days

As Solstice grips,
Then slips,
The days grow shorter;
Fools plead:
Please speed
Us swift' to Summer's Daughter,
For days chill
Fill
So fast with wantonness,
Short days,
Always
Breed such uneasiness,
But if short, cold days be so feared and hated,
Then how much more, long warm days that are wasted?